UNITY.

A Pamphlet Mission for

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

Published Semi-Monthly, 75 Madison St., Chicago. | February 1, 1879. | Vol. 2. No. 11. | Price, 10 Cents. Per Year, $1.50.

We See, What We Are.

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No modern painter has been the subject of so much criticism as J. M. W. Turner, the eminent English artist. His pictures, and especially those of his later years, are characterized by a peculiar treatment of light and certain effects in atmosphere and perspective, in which many see only an unfortunate mannerism, while others, like Mr. Ruskin and the disciples of Pre-Raphaelitism, hail him as the Messiah of a new school of art in these degenerate times. Copies and engravings of Turner's pictures are so common now-a-days that his peculiarities are familiar to nearly every one. Certainly, if once seen they are not easily forgotten. The sun is placed at meridian height in the center of the picture, and its light, instead of radiating equally to all parts, is made to fall in vertical lines, forming a yellow streak which divides the picture into two distinct halves. This, of course, effaces all distinctness in the details of the composition, does away with all horizontal lines in the perspective, and makes the whole picture float before our eyes in vague outlines, bathed in a flood of dazzling, insufferable light.

After so much controversy on the merits of this artist, a decided sensation was created in the English mind when a German oculist, Professor Liebreich, announced that through a careful examination of Turner's paintings and an inquiry into the facts of his life, he was satisfied on scientific grounds, that the

peculiar manner of Turner was due not to any particular theory of art, but to a simple defect of vision. As his earlier pictures are almost entirely free from this treatment of light, and the mannerism grew upon him with age, until his latest productions are often esteemed the creations of an unsound mind, Prof. Liebreich argued that there must have been a divergence of his eyes from their normal spherical form which resulted in this characteristic diffusion of light and vertical streakiness of color in his pictures. This defect of vision he called astigmation. By employing the proper optical instruments in looking at Turner's paintings, their peculiarities largely disappear and they look much like those of other artists. Thus the aspect of Nature gradually changed for Turner in consequence of this defect of sight, while he continued to produce in an unconscious manner just what he saw in the realm of form and color.

A striking illustration this of the truth which this paper is intended to enforce, that what we see is mainly conditioned by what we are. Not only is there the greatest difference in the physical sight of different persons, some being able to see much farther and more accurately than others, but the same diversities exist in man's mental and moral vision wherever it may be exercised, whether in the survey of nature, the sphere of human experience, or our apprehension of the spiritual world.

SIGHT AND INSIGHT INTO NATURE.

To begin with, what differences exist in our perception and understanding of the world of nature which surrounds us. Not only does one man see much more than another, but what is seen suggests more to him. To most persons the volume of nature is only a picture-book. They turn its leaves with childish wonder and delight, but cannot read the lesson imprinted on every page. They look with ignorant wonder at the mysterious hieroglyphs of nature, until some more discerning mind reveals to them beneath the bewildering processes of the universe that majestic harmony of order, law and design

"To which the whole Creation moves."

The coal which crackles and glows in your fire-place repre-

sents to you, it may be, only so much material comfort. But a Lyell and a Silliman, read in that unsightly fragment the revelation of a history older than that of Moses, when amidst the war of elements and the crash of falling forests, these carboniferous deposits were formed—so many concentrations of the sunlight stored for future service in the recesses of the earth. So Huxley, with a piece of common chalk as his text, discourses to us of pre-historic times, when out of the chaos of matter, the earth balled itself into shape, continents rose and fell, and through struggle and conflict the world grew to the fashion which we now behold—a tale of wondrous enchantment, beside whose marvels the widest creations of human fancy pale their ineffectual fires and seem puerile and vain. Thus, while the facts remain the same, how different is our interpretation of them. One sees only utility, another beauty, a third the spiritual import. A falling apple is a common sight enough, but to the mind of a Newton becomes a hint to the law of gravitation. The dreamy lad who sits in that little English cottage toying as boys will, with the lid of his mother's tea kettle, is led to the discovery of the expansive properties of steam, and in producing a new motive power, revolutionizes trade and manufactures and gives a better aspect to civilization. The seer of Nazareth beholds the sparrow seeking its food, the tender lilies in bloom, the foodful earth yielding her increase, and his inspired imagination kindles with the thought of the Providential oversight of the world. Each one sees and understands according to the gift given unto him. The scientist sees far and deep but he doesn't see all, and often the weak, unaided vision of the natural man pierces more closely into the cause and constitution of things than the philosopher with all his microscopic intentness, or his telescopic reach and range. In cataloguing the facts of the external world, the spirit that alone gives them cohesion, unity and significance too often escapes the scientist. Lost in the labyrinth of nature, he wanders about without a clew to guide him aright. "The thought that made the world, is arrested by the world." But what are

the scientist's dusty collections, his dry chronicle of material facts to me, if the Supreme Mind that alone gives meaning and value to them all be unrecognized? For as a human countenance first becomes beautiful when the soul illumines it, so God must shine through the face of nature to glorify it and lend it significance. Then, as we reverently trace the evidences of the Divine thought and handiwork, the material Universe glows with his reflected beauty, and we may sing with the poet:

> "God of the granite and the rose!
> Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
> The mighty tide of being flows
> Through countless channels, Lord, from thee.
> It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
> Through every grade of being runs;
> While from Creation's radiant towers
> Its glory flames in stars and suns."

Or, borrowing the mystic tongue of Wordsworth, we may have

> "A sense sublime,
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air.
> And the blue sky, and the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

THE OUTLOOK ON HUMAN LIFE.

In the second place, consider how largely our personality enters into our contemplation of human character and life. Life is to us, very much what we are to it. If blessed with a sound mind in a healthy body, we shall find our inner harmony reflected in our social surroundings. If, on the other hand, our spiritual life is unsound and discordant we shall see only gloom and sadness. So Hamlet in the play, finds his melancholy reflected everywhere, and his somber imagination colors with its own dark hues all that it touches upon. "This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave overhanging—

this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors."

All depends on the frame of mind in which we approach a subject; for "the soul is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." An enthusiastic admirer of one of our English poets said to him, "Where did you write these beautiful lines on nature? Surely you must have been lying in the grass beneath the trees, with the murmur of the brook and the song of birds filling your ears." "Not at all," rejoined the poet, "when I composed those verses, I remember I was sitting in a little back office, looking out upon a dingy yard filled with broken chimney-pots and old iron." Nor must we wonder at this. The beautiful spirit conjures a beatific vision out of the most unattractive surroundings. In this creative, transforming power of the soul lies the secret of all brave and happy living. As the chemist produces the most brilliant hues, the most delicate essences out of the very refuse of the laboratory, so let the human spirit extract compensation and delight out of disappointment and disaster. Whether this world shall be to you a blooming garden or a thorny waste, a vale of tears or a mount of transfiguration, will depend mainly upon yourself. Your personality enters into all your experiences to increase or to diminish, to correct or to distort. That brilliant but infirm genius, Voltaire, said at the close of his eventful career, "happiness is only a dream while sorrow alone is real. It is eighty years that I have experienced this." But a memoir of Dr. Barnes, which I have lately read, tells of that good man, that though stricken with blindness and bowed down with many infirmities, he said on his deathbed "how beautiful is life! I am ready to go, yet would gladly live on as I am many years longer, if it were the Lord's will."

This dictum "we see what we are" holds true no less in our estimate of our fellow men. "You judge others by yourself," is a familiar repartee that has a deal of philosophy in it. Unconsciously we betray our own defects of character in our strict-

ures on the faults of others, and conversely too, the good we find in our fellows is often a simple reflex of our own inner graciousness. For, as the Scripture tells us, "the good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things," while "the soul of the wicked desireth evil. His neighbor findeth no favor in his eyes." Some one remarked flippantly to the philosopher Hegel, "No man is a hero to his valet." "True," replied Hegel, "most true. But that is not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet." This notable saying may be profitably recalled when we hear men speak depreciatingly concerning the character and services of others. It explains such an unsatisfactory book as Herndon's Life of Abraham Lincoln, for example. Its defect lies not so much in the inadequacy of our martyr-president as in the incapacity of his would-be biographer to comprehend such a character and measure such a career.

SELF AND THE HEAVENLY VISION.

Lastly, our religious conceptions are in large degree idealizations of self, and strikingly illustrate the truth of this saying "we see, what we are." The religious sentiment in man appears to be innate and involuntary. The form it assumes is an arbitrary act of the mind, colored by circumstances. This accounts to us for the great differences which exist in man's ideas about God, duty, and a future state. The Hebrew mind, profound and ethical yet somber and intolerant, reflected these qualities in its austere and often cruel Deity. The Old Testament is full of the terrors of the Lord, while the Judaizing author of the epistle to the Hebrews warns us; "It is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The popular Christian theology faithfully reflects this harsh and unlovely idea of God. No wonder Wesley said of it, "John Calvin's God is worse than his devil." To a logical cast of mind like that of Calvin, it was a necessity to round and complete his theological system even at some sacrifice of moral and spiritual truth. If you have ever seen the picture of Calvin,

you will perhaps agree that his digestion had something to do with it. For the body is a factor in religion as well as the spirit. Andrew Jackson Davis tells in some one of his books, of a good old deacon who was wont to say that, according to his observation, the prevailing desire for health and physical culture was what led men into infidelity. "Now," reasoned the deacon, "faith is more important than health. Therefore, give me my dispepsia and give me my God." It is to be feared they went together with him.

Again, our notions about a future state depend very much on our estimate of this life and our part in it. We each project our own aims, desires, hopes or fears, and call it heaven or hell. The Indian dreams of his happy hunting-grounds; the Mohammedan tastes in anticipation the delights of his sensuous Paradise; the Hindu, life-weary and oppressed, dreams of a release from the endless circle of being, when his soul, freed from the thirst for existence, shall slumber in blissful unconsciousness in the eternal rest of Boodh. And how diverse are the views of the Christian world on this subject. The Orthodox believer conceives of a Sabbatic stillness, broken only by the psalms and prayers of the redeemed as they rise in triumphant joy to drown the chorus of agony that issues from the bottomless pit. And you and I turning with relief from the thunders of Sinai to the Sermon on the Mount, conceiving God as the Infinite Love, we think—

> "We think Heaven will not shut forevermore,
> Without a knocker left upon the door,
> Lest some belated wanderer should come
> Heart-broken, asking just to be at home.
> So that the Father will at last forgive,
> And looking on His face that Soul shall live.
>
> We think there will be watchmen through the night,
> Lest any afar off turn them to the light;
> That he who loved us into life, must be
> A Father infinitely fatherly.
> And groping for him all shall find their way
> From outer dark, through twilight, into day."

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER.

In various ways, in the preceding pages, I have shown the truth of the assertion that in the contemplation of nature, in the study of human life and character, and especially in our conceptions of the spiritual world, what we see is largely a reflection of what we are in ourselves. This recognition gained, it is for us to take to heart an additional truth which supplements and completes the first—not only do we see what we are, but *we are what we make ourselves to be.* This must be said with many qualifications, since the physical organization, temperament, habits and circumstances of the individual, exert so great an influence over his thoughts and acts. But "there is a limit even to temperament and the state of the blood." Stronger than the physical tendency is the intelligent spirit that was meant to control and direct it. The galling chains of habit are melted away in the white heat of emotion, and an enlightened will becomes master of the moral situation. True, again, that circumstances mightily influence human character and conduct, but a consecrated soul, though it cannot avert or control events, learns how to shape them for its spiritual good. As we recall the tragedies which every-day life affords, the heroic struggle of men and women with themselves or with a fate seemingly against them, the noble army of martyrs who dare anything and suffer everything in loyalty to their highest convictions, we must feel that there is no definable limit to the power of the human soul over temperament, habit, or circumstances. Practically, every man is master of his own destiny.

Recognizing, therefore, how vitally we are affected by personal conditions and surroundings, let us recognize still more readily the presence of an active principle within us, (call it mind, will, soul, or what else you please,) which molds our circumstances, and which practically controls our human destiny. It is to this end that the Scripture counsels us so impressively, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." It is for us to enlighten, purify and strengthen this

spiritual faculty within our breasts. Then this world will no longer be a scene of discord, human life no longer a riddle and a burden, religion will cease to be merely a phantasm or a scourge to duty. We shall find joy in duty, and learn to be thankful for the privilege of life. The world will disclose its true significance to us, and all things minister to our upbuilding in virtue, character and faith. We shall see only purity, beauty and goodness, because these qualities are in our own hearts. For to the pure in heart all things are pure.

The apocryphal biographers of Jesus tell a very sweet and characteristic story as if to illustrate this truth. In the gateway of a village lies the unsightly carcass of a dog. The passers by with looks and words express their disgust thereat. Soon, however, Jesus approaches and looks on with pity. Presently he turns on the people and says; "but see how pearly-white its teeth are." And they, gazing upon him with admiring affection, reply: "Surely thou art the Christ, for none but he would find beauty in anything so loathsome." The beautiful spirit finds beauty everywhere and in everything. "Blessed are the pure in heart," said Jesus. Do you know why? Because they alone see how much real purity and goodness there is in the world, and thus rise to a conception of the Infinitely Pure and Good—they are blessed with the sight and the knowledge of God.

"To comprehend a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser, who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best."—WM. E. GLADSTONE.

"But the Mind of Man hath two parts; one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities; the other desolate and overgrowne with grasse, by which enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations."—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

DEVOTIONAL READINGS.

VIII.

SINCERITY.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
He that speaketh the truth from his heart.
The Lord keepeth truth forever.
Behold thou desirest truth in the heart.—*Hebrew Psalms.*

Let nothing be more precious to thee than truth.—*Epictetus.*

Thou shalt abstain from deceiving others by word or deed. . . Thou shalt speak no word that is false.—*Buddhist Commandments.*

To speak the truth and perform good offices are two things that resemble God. . . . Every man ought to speak and act with such perfect integrity, that no one could have reason to doubt his simple affirmation.—*Pythagoras.*

Let not thy tongue say what thy heart denies.—*Lao-tze.*

Let not truth forsake thee. Buy the truth and sell it not.—*Hebrew Proverbs.*

The sacrifice of a thousand horses has been put in the balance with one true word, and the true word weighed down the thousand sacrifices. No virtue surpasses that of veracity. There are two roads which conduct to perfect virtue; to be true, and to do no evil to any creature.—*Ramayana* (*Hindu*).

Only they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.—*Confucius.*

Put away lying. Speak every man truth with his neighbor; for we are members one of another.—*Paul.*

Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside. They may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them.—*Ruskin.*

To know a thing is right, and not to do it, is a weakness. . . . When you know a thing, maintain that you know it; when you do not know it, admit the fact: this is wisdom. . . . Fear not poverty, but fear missing of the truth.—*Confucius.*

The safety of life demands that I do what is just with my whole soul, and say what is true. To act a part, or say or do anything insincere or untrue, pollutes the soul. Think nothing profitable which will ever force thee to break thy word, to lose thy self-respect, to hate, suspect, curse or deceive any one, or to desire anything that need be covered with walls or veils.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Let thine eyes look straight on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Remove thy feet from evil. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.—*Hebrew Proverbs.*

It is better to be dumb for the remainder of thy life, than to speak falsely.—*Hitopadessa* (*Hindu*).

As the body is purified by water, so is the soul purified by truth. —*Manu.*

Be very scrupulous to observe the truth in all things.—*Zendavesta.*

Be on thy guard equally against being angry at others and against flattering them, for to do either is to neglect the common welfare and inflict injury.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Seek only to be true, and you will hear truth speaking from heaven, and from the earth, and in your own being. Every one that is of the truth heareth her divine voice.—*William H. Furness.*

What can it profit any mortal to adopt locutions and imaginations which do not correspond to fact? which the most orthodox of mortals can only, after infinite and essentially impious efforts to put out the eyes of his mind, persuade himself to believe that he believes? What is incredible to thee thou shalt not at thy soul's peril attempt to believe. Go to perdition if thou must, but not with a lie in thy mouth, by the Eternal Maker, No!—*Carlyle.*

He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect, or church, better than Christianity, and end in loving his own opinion best of all.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

The unbeliever is he who deliberately declines to speak what he thinks, or to trust humanity with what helpful truth has been intrusted to himself.—*Samuel Johnson.*

To love truth for truth's sake is the principal part of human perfection, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.—*John Locke.*

It is not perhaps of so much consequence what we believe, as that we do not affect to believe. Belief is not in our power, but truthfulness is.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Let the counsel of thine own heart stand, for there is no man more faithful unto thee than it. A man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower. . . . In no wise speak against the truth, and refrain not to speak when there is occasion to do good; for by speech wisdom shall be known.—*Jesus, son of Sirach; Israelite.*

Otaye from his earliest youth,
Was consecrated unto truth;
And if the universe must die,
Unless Otaye told a lie,
He would defy the fate's last crash,
And let all sink in one pale ash,
Or e'er by any means was wrung
One drop of falsehood from his tongue.—*Persian.*

SERIES II. **HOME LIFE.** LESSON 5.

BY MRS. SUSAN I. LESLEY AND MRS. ELIZABETH L. HEAD.

THE SICK ROOM.

"Sickness is a school severe
Where the soul, (in childhood here,)
Wayward, 'neath a milder sway
Learns to think, and learns to pray."—*Charlotte Elliott.*

Sooner or later, sickness must come into all families, therefore the thought about it, and the provision for it, should make *a prominent part* in home arrangements.

The Invalid's Room. *What room should be given to the invalid?* The one where the sun lies the most of the day. Sunshine affects the life of human beings, as of plants. The warmest room in winter; the coolest in summer. The room where one can have an open fire, pure air and ventilation. The room that has the pleasantest wall-paper and most interesting pictures on the walls. The room that is quietest. Give all these to the invalid, if you can.

What must the invalid do? He must try with all his strength of mind, not to disturb the family life, by his *exactions* or *complainings* or *impatience.* He must remember that not only is one worker removed from the family labors, but a great strain is laid on all the workers by his sufferings, in which they sympathize.

Try when sick, to look at life and the outside world, *as those do, who are in health.* Do not trust your sick fancies, put them away from you, as *unreal* and *unworthy.* If you cannot, you will become morbid, and that will make you more ill. Explain *morbid.* Your first and greatest effort should be to get well. Delicate health *is not interesting,* it is very unworthy *if* there is a possibility of mending it. Therefore tell *all* your symptoms with care to your physicians and nurses, striving for *accuracy* and even noting the most trifling. This is *a duty* and if there is neither exaggeration, nor withholding, is an aid to those who take care of you in finding proper remedies. But do not make your illness or symptoms a subject of conversation with outsiders. It does not help *you,* and is very wearisome to *them.*

Children who are willing to be paid for having a tooth drawn, or who cannot bear a headache quietly, unless promised some special pleasure for their patience, will hardly grow up to bear the severer ills of life in a way to make their sickness a blessing to themselves or others. And sickness in a house *may be* a blessing. First it calls out all the tenderness and sympathy of the healthy, and draws them nearer together. Next, the patient endurance of the invalid draws his soul nearer to God, and opens the door to those quiet and wise communings, which when entertained, become of real value to the strong and active, who have less time to think.

Visitors. Let those who *visit the sick* carry always a gentle face and voice, and *cheerfulness* above all things. Let them take light and pleasing news of fresh interest. Rarely speak to the invalid of pains and sorrows, they have enough of them, and in your presence should be lifted out of them. Tell them of fine scenery, of good people and their noble actions, of pleasant travels in wonderful regions: anything to take their thoughts out of the wearisome ruts, that silence and solitude leave them in.—S. I. L.

SERIES II. **HOME LIFE.** LESSON 6.

BY MRS. SUSAN I. LESLEY AND MRS. ELIZABETH L. HEAD.

HOME HELPING.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

What makes a home restful and harmonious? The *spirit* of helpfulness, which keeps all the members on the alert to make life easier for each other. Children are necessarily helped in so many ways that they often fall into a habit of expecting it, and neglect to do their part towards making home life smooth and cheery.

How can Children be helpful? In a thousand ways; first and foremost, they can save wear and tear to others by taking care of themselves, so far as the minor details of neatness and health are concerned, by keeping their own hands clean and hair brushed, remembering to put on their overcoats and india rubbers, guarding against extremes of heat and cold, avoiding unnecessary dangers, and improper food, &c. (Here some hygienic directions from the teacher would be useful). Also, by promptly obeying the family rules, going to bed, getting up, and coming to meals punctually, by cheerfully performing all those regular duties which have fallen to their lot, by doing at once whatever is asked of them by the older persons, by putting away their own things, by remembering to learn their lessons, by not hindering or teasing the servants, by not being fretful or complaining, by not making hideous or unpleasant noises, by avoiding as far as possible all those things which make extra work for somebody else, such as coming into the house with muddy shoes, etc.

Helpfulness sometimes consists in refraining from doing, in not meddling when you can't help.

Try to be reliable, remember messages, don't loiter on errands, and learn to make the slight mental effort necessary to recollect where you have seen articles that are wanted in the house, or that have been mislaid. The habit of saying "I don't know" on such occasions is very discouraging.

Anticipate the wishes of other people. Help, which is voluntary, is twice as good as that which is demanded.

Be on the look out for opportunities to perform little offices of kindness. The sum total of life is composed of small things, and every-day details make up happiness or unhappiness.

Any home; however poor, can be harmonious, and any thing that serves to bring its different elements into accord is helpful.

Bring your best and freshest life into the family. Music, reading aloud, story telling, and games will crowd out quarreling and dissipation, and make the home a centre which all its members gladly seek.

Cheerful words and looks, gentle ways, attentive eyes, to see, and ready sympathy to share each others joys and sorrows, unite all temperaments and ages, and form the best foundation for mutual home helping.—E. L. H.

Notes and News.

The Israelites in Cincinnati number about 7,000. They worship in two splendid temples, with a membership of three thousand all told, under the liberal preaching of Rabbis LILIENTHAL and WISE; two synagogues with about 1200 members, and two or three small congregations of an ultra orthodox type. The Hebrew College has twenty-five students, (of whom sixteen are boarded and clothed at an annual expense of $6,000,) and four professors. They maintain three newspapers: *The Israelite*, edited by Rabbi WISE, *The Deborah*, its German supplement, and *The Sabbath School Visitor*, under the care of Dr. LILIENTHAL. The Hebrew Relief Union spends on the Israelite poor nearly $12,000 annually, while the Orphan Asylum in Cleveland is largely supported by Cincinnati Jews.

An educated paganism presents peculiar features. A daily paper is being published in Japan in which some rather free criticisms are offered on the Christian religion. It wants to know whether the general adulturation of food, which prevails in Christian countries, is the legitimate result of their religion, or only incidental? Whether all of our bank defaulters belong to the Church, and if so, whether an honest paganism hasn't a little the advantage? Whether a Christianity that allows rum to be sold at every street corner and licenses gambling houses is any better than a heathenism which simply tolerates these things and asks no impertinent questions? "O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us."—*New York Herald.*

At a meeting of the New Haven clergymen on Monday, Ex-President WOOLSEY read a paper on the Greek words *aion* and *aionios*, on the interpretation of which depends the doctrine of the duration of the future punishment and reward, the point at issue being whether the words mean "epoch" or "eternity." Dr. WOOLSEY gave a long disseration on the derivation of the words and the changes which have taken place in their use. The conclusion which he has reached after careful investigation is that the words refer to an unending future life of happiness or misery. There is nothing consoling in this. —*Exchange.*

Certainly not to such as hang their hopes upon the meaning of these words. From our point of view it does not make a particle of difference what the persons first using these words meant by them. They knew no more about the future than we do, or for that any other person now living.—*The New Religion.*

Salvation by the Blood.—At the "Jackson Congregational Conference" held in Ann Arbor, Mich. a few weeks ago, the principal sermon preached was upon "The Plan of Salvation," which was made out by the preacher to be quite as bloody an affair as Mr. MOODY represents it in his famous sermon on "The Blood." The prayer made by the Secretary of the Conference was nearly as sanguinary as the sermon, and the three hymns given out by the Secretary were the following:

> "There is a fountain filled with BLOOD
> Drawn from Emanuel's VEINS,
> And sinners PLUNGED BENEATH THAT FLOOD
> Lose all their guilty stains."

And

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee!
> Let the water and the BLOOD,
> FROM THY WOUNDED SIDE WHICH FLOWED,
> Be of sin the double cure—
> CLEANSE me from its guilt and power."

And

> "Just as I am without one plea,
> But that thy BLOOD was shed for me."

Really, is it not high time that such outrageous hymns as well as the still more outrageous theology which gives them birth, and keeps its hold upon the popular mind largely through their help, were banished forever from Christendom? Too long have intelligent people been quiet and allowed such sentiments to continue to disgrace Christian hymn books and religious services, and degrade the character of a pure and holy God. Let such hymns and such theology be driven outside the pale of civilization, and if they must survive anywhere, let it be only among the savages of Africa and the cannibals of the Pacific Islands.

One of the Ann Arbor (Mich.) papers has recently been treating itself to a new editor and proprietor, a gentleman who has been for some eight or ten years an editor in Auburn, N. Y. The first Sunday after reaching Ann Arbor, the new comer went to hear Mr. SUNDERLAND, the pastor of the Unitarian Church. The next day he met Mr. SUNDERLAND and informed him that the discourse of the preceding morning was the first Unitarian sermon he ever heard, and he had no sort of an idea before what Unitarianism was. This looks as if the work of Unitarianism in this country was done, doesn't it? The fact is, except in certain parts of New England and in a few of the larger cities in other parts of the land, a large proportion of the people are well-nigh as ignorant of Unitarianism as they are of Buddhism. Of course, every body has heard the name "Unitarian," but in the popular mind it stands for—well, nobody can tell just what, only some sort of an infidel. How long must this state of things continue? Will not every Unitarian man, woman and child in the land become a missionary? Thinking people everywhere are ready to welcome

our broad, free, rational, hopeful, grandly affirmative faith when once they know what it is is. Unitarians, let us let them know what it is.

Persons and Things.——Rev. G. E. GORDON, of Milwaukee, lectured on a recent Sunday evening on "Hebrew Mythology and the Myth of Samson."——The Rev. Dr. ADAMS, Congregationalist, refused to have anything to do with a revival by Evangelist PENTECOST in Fall River. He had no objection to PENTECOST, he said, but did object to his methods, and thought that the people who went to the services worshipped him more than they did God.——Inexhaustible beds of lignite have been found between Jaffa and the Dead Sea. This with the asphaltum, also abundant, will make the Holy Land a fuel supplier for all Egypt and Syria, both of which having no wood, pay from $12 to $14 a ton for foreign coal.——A hint to ladies who will wear outside pockets. Have your purses made up to look like prayer-books. —*London Punch.*——A stained glass window in memory of DAVID LIVINGSTONE has been placed in Westminster Abbey.——There are now in this country 10 Roman Catholic Archbishops, 55 Bishops, against 6 of the former and 27 of the latter in 1850. The number of priests was then 1,800 and of churches 1,073; while there are now 5,634 priests and 5,548 churches. The colleges have increased from 17 to 74, and the Roman Catholic population has doubled.——BAYARD TAYLOR was a Liberal in religion—standing essentially with the more radical Unitarians, or the Progressive Friends among whom his early life was spent, and among whom, at Kennett Square, Pa. near the famous "Longwood Meeting House," he made his home in his later years.—In Boston, fifty years ago, lottery tickets were sometimes given as school prizes.——The Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER is President of an Elmira cremation society.——Many years ago *Punch* depicted a lady who is saying to the toyman, "I want some sort of toy with which my little boy can play on Sunday." "Well mum," says the man, "if I might suggest, it would be a 'hark,' Noah, you see, being mentioned in 'oly writ." Lately the "hark" comes up again in the same paper. "My little boy wishes for a Noah's ark. Have you one?" "No, mum; we've given up keeping them since the school boards come in, you see, they was too denominational."——A series of Sunday Evening Lectures are to be delivered in the new Unitarian Church Washington, D. C. by some of the most eminent preachers of the denomination, as follows: January 19, Rev. Dr. HEDGE of Cambridge, Mass., an "Introductory Lecture." January 26, Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, D. D. "The Bible." Feb. 2, Rev. BROOKE HERFORD, of Chicago, Ill.: "Jesus Christ." Feb. 9, Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D. D. of Cambridge, Mass.: "God." Feb. 16, Rev. G. W. BRIGGS, D. D. of Cambridgeport, Mass.: "Man." Feb. 23, Rev. RUFUS ELLIS, D. D. of Boston, Mass.: "The Church." March 2, Rev. S. R. CALTHROP, of Syracuse, N. Y.:

"The Future Life."——"What is meant by conscience?" asked an English schoolmaster of his class. "A hinward monitor." "And what do you understand by monitor?" "A hironclad," replied the intelligent youth.

Literary.—Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE has begun publishing a series of fifteen sermons—price to subscribers $1.00 the set. "The Great Harvest Year," "Looking Back," "Ritual," and "Prayer" have been issued; order from GEO. H. ELLIS, 101 Milk St. Boston.——LONGFELLOW in his *Poems of Places* has reached "New England." Under this head he gives us two volumes, which are perhaps the most interesting of the series.——Rev. MONCURE D. CONWAY, of London, has a book nearly ready for the public on "Demonology and Devil-Lore: A Historical Inquiry into the Place the Devil has held in Popular Superstition and Theological opinions from an Early Period to the present."

"The Wandering Jew, or the Path of Israel through History," a lecture before the Beth-El congregation of New York, by Rev. Dr. K. KOHLER, Rabbi of the Sinai Congregation in Chicago. The ancient legend of the Wandering Jew seems to have a peculiar fascination for Israelite authors, notwithstanding its Christian origin and fiercely anti-Jewish spirit. One of the last who has written upon it is Dr. KOHLER, whose recent article on the Old Testament, published in UNITY, attracted such deserved attention for its broad and progressive scholarship. His essay on "The Wandering Jew" seems to us one of the best of its kind, because while tracing in grand outlines and with great resources of knowledge the marvelous continuity and growth of Jewish influence through the centuries, it avoids the mistake into which Rabbi WISE and others have fallen, of over-drawing the picture by claiming too much for the Jew, and crowding the canvas with too many insignificant details, which obscure rather than aid the general design. Dr. KOHLER treats his subject from the philosophic rather than the partizan stand-point, and this discourse proves anew his just rank at the head of the liberal rabbis of America. In closing his lecture he shows the importance of the Jew in preparing the cosmopolitan age we now live in, and asks: "But then, why not now take off the Jewish garb? Why not give up our nationality, the peculiarities of our race, and amalgamate with the great world around us?" and answers by declaring that the great goal of the Wandering Jew is not yet reached. "We are not merely to confess faith in God and man, or to profess a philosophical deism and morality, to emerge into a cosmopolitan humanity built in the air, but to guard mankind's perennial fount of life, and keep flowing its noblest river of historic religion from its marvellous beginnings to its bright end in the distant future. To this end Reform desires to regenerate Judaism, in order to turn it, from a shadowy hope, into a real seed of promise.

It wants to inspire its members with new zeal to scatter it abroad; it wants men and women who take pride in our glorious mission, pious homes, energetic congregations, literary societies and grand institutions of learning which shall accomplish it. It wants to see Jewish home-life pervaded by its pristine sweetness and holiness, and old Jewish piety and learning revived. For who can tell what may be still in store for thee, Wandering Jew? Surely, as long as mankind's destiny is not fulfilled neither is thine. As long as God is not recognized as God and Father by all the nations, thy task is not accomplished. Go then, thou Wandering Jew, continue without faltering thy march through the ages. With the Ark of Covenant upon thy shoulder, thou art to lead mankind to Zion, and, like the priests on Jordan's shore, thou must wait until the last of thy brethren has entered the land of promise,"—a sentiment which will awaken the sympathy of all liberal minds even if it does not convince them of the perpetuity of Judaism.—C. W. W.

The Mutual Improvement Club of Janesville, Wis.—This very successful club has recently begun its winter's work. Rev. J. L. JONES, its leader, in an introductory lecture, spoke somewhat in detail of the different lines of study which are to be pursued by the club during the coming six months. The following is from the report of the lecture given in the columns of the *Janesville Recorder*:

"The animus of the Club, Mr. JONES said, was not amusement, or literary criticism and erudition, but it was to seek that culture which would tell for character. To do this the studies of the winter would be made largely biographical, for strength is contagious. Biographical study is object teaching on the grandest scale.—With this end in view there will be one section devoted to Minor Heroes, and each of the sixteen literary sessions will be introduced by a short study of one of these heroes—not minor in the quality of their heroism, but minor to the quantity of their fame. The principal study of these evenings will be given to a consideration of woman's contribution to English literature, being a careful biographical and critical study of the life and writings of CHARLOTTE BRONTE, Mrs. BROWNING, GEORGE ELIOT, ADELAIDE PROCTOR, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Mrs. WHITNEY and others. For the purpose of economizing time there will also be sections for current news and current literature, each of which will bring in monthly reports of the latest development in life and letters. The Art section will hold twelve separate sessions, each of which will be introduced by a short study of some great master piece of art, with a photograph or engraving of the same in hand,—this study to be followed by the study of the life and works of one of twelve great painters taken in chronological order. The club, in addition to the library of sixty volumes procured last year, will be furnished with books covering the course of study for this year. The speaker said

he entered upon the course with no misgivings. Such course was no longer an experiment, since the experience of three years has fully demonstrated the possibility of such consecutive and systematic study."

Notes from Cambridge and Boston.—The following is from President ELIOT's "Report on the condition of the various departments of Harvard College." "The condition of Divinity School has been a source of grave anxiety for three years past, on account of the large reduction in the income of the school and the utter inadequacy of its endowment. The income of the school available for its maintainance, excluding the income of Scholarship and beneficiary funds, amounts to $16,000; general expenses estimated at $2,000, leaving but $14,000 for salaries of teachers—a sum which will support three professorships and a half." * * * * The President urges the pressing need of further endowment to place the institution on a footing with other theological schools. We can only add that the President and the Dean, Dr. C. C. EVERRET, deserve all possible encouragement in their attempt to make the school what it should be. This plea is but the forerunner of a strong endeavor to make Harvard Divinity School the first in the land. It is no mere poverty plea but a sign of the times which means that theology in Harvard will continue to stand in the foreground. The Rev. GEORGE HOSMER of Bridgewater was installed pastor of the East Church (Unitarian) of Salem, Mass., on January 2. He is the son of Rev. Dr. GEO. W. HOSMER of Newton, Mass. Rev HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER who has occupied the Hollis Street Church (Boston) pulpit for the past three months has received, and accepted, a unanimous call to become the settled pastor. On January 2 was issued the "*Christian Leader.*" This paper is a consolidation of the "*Universalist*" of Boston and the "*Christian Leader*" of N. Y It is *the* organ of the Eastern Universalists. Most of the Churches and charitable societies are holding "fairs." Lee St. Unitarian Church (Cambridge) cleared over $500. The Young Men's Christian Union (not Association) has arranged for the entertainment of 350 children, with their mothers. This Union is undenominational and is under Unitarian control. Judge BICK who has just finished a course of lectures on Ireland, its cities and romantic scenery, in Rev. E. E. HALE'S Church, is about to deliver a course on London in Unity Church (Mr. SAVAGE'S). Mr. JOHN FISKE, (the Cambridge radical as some call him) is about to give this winter in Boston, six lectures on "Early American History." We may expect something original and independent. Our chief Boston attraction at present is the "Orthodox Hebrew Fair," held in Mechanic's Fair Building.

GOETHE is a favorite with most of our ministers. We seldom hear a sermon without a quotation from his works or a reference to his life. Mr. BRONSON ALCOTT lectured Monday evening, Dec. 9, to

the students of Divinity School. Here are a few of his sayings "The gentle EMERSON;" "CHANNING, the kindest and saintliest man *grown* by New England;" "Unitarianism develops the individual, not the person." (?) He is egotism itself, but he seems to have a right to be. When Mr. A. happens to speak on Trinity, etc., you detect at once Mr. JOSEPH COOK's influence, which is very marked. The spirit of the man is that of a child. He has an uncommon amount of the uncommon sense which he distinguishes from common sense, for which he has not a very high opinion.

The spirit of push and go ahead of the West is having its effect on all of us. Mark this sentence from the *Christian Register* of Jan. 4: "If you can't build a costly church, do as Mr. UTTER's people did in Oregon: club together, lay the foundations and raise the walls with your own hands, singing as you work, and eating the luncheon which the sisters provide; then you will be the happiest and healthiest congregation in town." Your correspondent was called to occupy for a Sunday the pulpit of one of our live suburbs. In a conversation with one of the leading members, it was remarked that one of our Western men had filled the pulpit a Sunday or two before. "How did you like him?" was asked. "Not as well as we might." We fancied that possibly our Western man was "too lively" for them, so we asked, "Why?" "Well, he had hardly *life* enough." So you see life and earnest work are everywhere in demand. The Young Men's Christian Union (not Association) of Boston has formed a class in "Practical Ethics." Ten Essays will be read and discussed. It opened Dec. 19, closes Feb. 20th.—W.

Last Sunday morning Dr. BELLOWS celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his settlement as a Unitarian pastor in this city. Lovingly he recalled in his sermon the teeming memories of his long, laborious and faithful pastorate. What generations of saints and sinners he has seen pass away! His position here has always been one of exceptionally high rank and dignity. JOSEPH COOK is lecturing, on Thursday evenings, at Association Hall. By the way, Rev. JAMES M. PULLMAN, (Universalist) last night at the Church of Our Savior, gave Mr. COOK and his theology a scathing review. The occasion of this was the delivery of a lecture by the Boston "Lectureship," on "Canon Farrar's Eternal Hope." Mr. PULLMAN sent his reporter to obtain a verbatim report of it. He then critically reviewed the discourse. Those who remember Mr. PULLMAN's masterly reply to TALMAGE, need not be told that JOSEPH COOK's argument was thoroughly demolished. For an hour and twenty minutes Mr. PULLMAN held the unflagging interest of his hearers, while with cutting sarcasm, brilliant flashes of wit and earnest presentation of real scientific truth, he exposed the sophistries of the egotistical would-be philosopher of Tremont Temple. Mr. ALGER is very much missed here; he used to make such delight-

ful speeches at the Goethe club, and took such a deep interest in the general progress of the people. He is said to be very radical in his views of the position of the Bible among the religious writings of the world, but he is not more so than the majority of his Unitarian compeers. I remember attending one of his Sunday afternoon Bible-class talks. Being a Universalist with the most determined conservatism ingrained in my nature, I expected that my hair would stand, theologically, on end, during the whole lecture. But I found nothing very frightful in his talk. His class was gathered in the spacious parlor of the church; at the table, in the centre of the room sat Mr. ALGER, with that calm, thoughtful, almost melancholy mein that distinguishes the man and marks him as the student and the lover of solitary meditation. The talk was about the "Bibles of the Ages," and he had not spoken five minutes before we all sat spell bound, under the influence of his sweet, broad and poetic utterances, as he laid before us the richest treasures of the Sanskrit, Greek, Hebrew, and Christian Scriptures. He has gone to Denver, Col., and according to the papers he is drawing very large audiences.—"*New York Letter*" in *The New Religion.*

A Mind of One's Own.—"*Our* tastes" we say! *Are* they ours, really, or our neighbors? Are we dressing ourselves in mourning, or are others dressing us? Are we arranging our own rooms, or are they? Are we speaking in our own simple tones, or echoing theirs'? "*My* opinions," I say; why truly, on thinking the matter over, this "I" has not opinions of its own on many subjects. I have a great stock of wedding garments on hand; but truly few that I have woven and made myself, in such sense that I can fairly call them my private wardrobe of opinions. My father left me some; my mother in the nursery made me many little mind-coats as well as body-coats; my teachers largely educated me by giving me ideas instead of growing them in me; the books I read, the morning's editorial, furnish me not facts alone and views out of which I should make up opinions, but the opinions ready-made, which I slip on forthwith and am clothed. There are men and men, of course; but really there are few of us who have a right to talk on many subjects outside of the beat of our own little work and profession. Within that beat our knowledge is knowledge, it may be—"our opinions" are our own, and we can give a reason for them; and in that sphere we are the tailors that make suits for other minds to wear. If we are thoughtful men and women we have gone beyond this beat to right and left a little way, and fairly made a few outside opinions "ours"; but how many of us, for instance, by any knowledge of the kind that makes opinions ours and not mere echos of another's, have a right to claim one about the part that Russia has played in the Eastern war, or about the part the pope, lately gone, has played in European politics, or about Darwinism, or

about the Silver question? Great questions of the day are these, and probably most of us have offered opinions on them all. Made by whom? Ourselves?—W. C. G.

Rev. JNO. R. EFFINGER, of Des Moines, Iowa, gave a Sunday morning recently to a consideration of the differences between the orthodox "Plan of Salvation" and Jesus' plan, as set forth in the story of "The Prodigal Son." He noticed, first, that the Prodigal Son was not moved to return home by any fear of future punishment or any hope of future reward. He just "came to himself," saw the misery of sin and the glory of virtue, and "repenting him of the evil he had done, resolved to arise and go to his father." Second; "this plan of salvation, as set forth by Jesus, differs from the orthodox plan in the absence of all mediation between the Son and the Father. The attitude of the Father, as set forth in the parable, is one of tender solicitude and love. * * He does not require the returning prodigal to play the coward's part in consenting to shirk the responsibity of his own acts, and accept safe and comfortable quarters in his Father's house at the expense of another. The father needs no blood of lambs or oxen, least of all the blood of the loving Jesus to placate his wrath and satisfy his justice. He is willing to receive the returning wanderer for his own sake, for the love he bears him as his child."

And here comes to us from another State a new version of this same parable, adapted to the needs of the Orthodox theology. It is commended to those whom it may concern:

THE PARABLE OF THE RICH NOBLEMAN.—A certain nobleman was exceeding rich, for he had treasures in gold and treasures in silver, and in houses and lands, and in vineyards and wine-vats. Moreover, he had many man-servants and maid-servants, and sheep, and much cattle. And whatsoever he said was steadfast, for no man durst oppose him. And he had an only son, in whom his soul delighted, for he was the express image of his person, and heir to all his estate.

And to his servants he was merciful and kind, for he clothed them in goodly apparel, and fed them from his own table, and made their hearts merry with choice wine from his cellar and his own wine-cups. Neither required he of them more labor than was meet; but in all things he was as a father unto them.

Nevertheless, the servants grew discontented and rebellious, and counselled one with another, saying, "We will not have this man reign over us." So they rose up by night and spoiled his goods, and departed into the wilderness. And after many days, when their feet were blistered from much walking, and their garments tattered to shreds, and their flesh torn with thorns and pierced with briers, and when their hearts sank within them because of hunger and of thirst, then came they to themselves and spake one to another, saying, "We have been

of all men most foolish. Go to, let us return to our master, and humble ourselves, and whatsoever he saith, that will we do."

And behold a messenger came running unto the nobleman, saying, "Thy servants return unto thee." And the nobleman's wrath was kindled into fury, and he said, "Their blood be upon their own head, for I will slay them from the face of the earth." Then said the son, "Forgive them, father, for they knew not what they did." Then answered the father, "Sin demands blood, and without the shedding of blood there is no blood." Then the son opened his mouth and said, "Slay *me*," for his bowels yearned with compassion for the servants. Then said the father, "Blood for blood! for which one wilt thou die? for they be many." And the son answered and said, "They are but servants, and are thine estate, while I am as thyself, soul of thy soul, and heir of all things. My blood is a ransom for each and every one of them." And the saying pleased the father. So he delivered up his son to his servants, and they maltreated him and slew him.

Then called the nobleman unto his servants, saying, "You have set at naught my authority, you have dishonored my house, and murdered my son." And he made a burning, fiery furnace and tortured them by day and by night. And there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, Nevertheless, he saved a few of them, for he remembered the blood of his son. And they sang his everlasting praises. But they that were tortured, howled out their life in agony.—A. H. W.

Religion—The religion of one age is often the poetry of the next. Around every living and operative faith there lies a region of allegory and of imagination into which opinions frequently pass, and in which they long retain a transfigured and idealized existence after their natural life has died away. They are, as it were, deflected. They no longer tell directly and forcibly upon human actions. They no longer produce terror, inspire hopes, awake passions, or mold the characters of men; yet they still exercise a kind of reflex influence, and form part of the ornamental culture of the age. They are turned into allegories. They are interpreted in a non-natural sense. They are invested with a fanciful, poetic, but most attractive garb. They follow instead of controlling the current of thought, and, being transformed by far-fetched and ingenious explanation, they become the embellishments of systems of belief that are wholly irreconcilable with their original tendencies. The gods of heathenism were thus translated from the sphere of religion to the sphere of poetry. The grotesque legends and the harsh doctrines of a superstitious faith are so explained away that they appear graceful myths foreshadowing and illustrating the conceptions of a higher day. For a time they flicker upon the horizon with a softly beautiful light that enchants the poet and sends a charm to the new system with which they are made to blend; but at last this, too, fades away. Religious ideas die like the sun rays; possessing little heat, they are expended in creating beauty.—*Lecky.*

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—OF—

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